

RECKLESS RALPH'S

# DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

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## RARE DIME NOVELS

By Edward T. LeBlanc

#3

### TEN CENT IRISH NOVELS

The Ten Cent Irish Novels were published in 1872 by Ornum & Co.,† Beekman Street, New York, New York. It was issued in the usual format of most dime novels of that period, 6½x4¼, 100 pages with "illuminated" pictorial cover, that is, hand colored or hand stenciled, the latter description taken from Mr. Albert Johannsen's book on the Beadles novels. The exact number issued is unknown but this article is written from the highest number known, #5, which was loaned for this purpose by Ralph F. Cummings, as was the Youths' Library subject of a previous article. A list of the known titles is appended. Additions or corrections to this list are solicited.

Number 5 is titled "The Mysterious Murder; or, Crohoore of the Billhook." A Story of Old Ireland, by Banim, no mention is made of a first name. The story is apparently reprinted or badly edited as there are gaps in the story which keeps one guessing as to what has happened previously. The tale opens on Christmas Eve in 18th century Ireland at the home of a well-to-do farmer named Anthony Dooling where a group of neighbors have gathered for a holiday get-together. Pierce Shea, son of a nearby farmer is very attentive to Alley Dooling, daughter of Anthony Dooling, much to the satisfaction of both families, and to Alley. During the piping and the dancing, Crohoore, a hunchback, employed



by the Doolings as a farm hand, is grinding a billhook\* which exasperates Anthony Dooling to the point of chastisement, and harsh words ensue. In the heat of argument and a little too much Irish whiskey, Anthony Dooling strikes Crohoore knocking him down. Immediately, in remorse, he tries to make up by apologizing and offering Crohoore a drink. "Crohoore only turned round his ghastly face on his master, as he held the door to the

†Munro spelled backwards. N. L. Munro was the actual publisher.

\*Billhook—a billed knife used in pruning trees.



loft in his hand, gave him one parting look and then banged the door after him. That look was afterwards well remembered and often commented on."

The next morning, Pierce Shea as had been his custom for many years arrived at the Dooling home to conduct them to Christmas morning mass. The door being open Pierce entered expecting the household to be ready; instead, everything is quiet—too quiet. In looking for a candle, he stumbles over the billhook Crohoore had been sharpening the evening before and picking it up found it wet which he thought strange. Finding a candle he lit it and gasped as he noticed his hand covered with blood as was the billhook which he had placed on the table. Murder must have been done! With apprehension he entered the bedroom of his beloved Alley not knowing what to expect. Would he find her dead? No, the bed was rumpled and a bloody hand mark was on the bedding, but Alley was nowhere in the room. He hurried to the room of her parents and there a gruesome sight met his gaze. Huddled against the partly open door was the body of Anthony Dooling with his head bashed in and on the bed lay his wife in a pool of blood. Pierce rushed from the room to seek aid of the hired help. In the hall not far from the murder room lay another body, that of Chevaun Darlduck, the housemaid, also besmeared with her own blood, evidently murdered by the unknown assassin as she came to the aid of her master and mistress.

By this time the hired hands were up and the house was searched, but nothing could be found to indicate the identity of the murderer. The fact that Crohoore was missing seemed to prove to the searchers that he must have been the fiend. The neighbors were aroused and one said he had seen Crohoore riding by carrying a burden that could have been a girl or the body of a girl. In the gloom of the night he could not be certain, but of the fact that the rider was Crohoore, of that he was certain. The next morning groups of men from the surrounding countryside took to the hills in search of Crohoore with Pierce Shea, his foster brother, Andy Houlohan, and Rhiah Doran, the local head man, going together. Days went by and still

Crohoore was at large, although he had been seen by quite a few of the searchers. He seemed to be protected by the "good people."\*

On their way home from a day's fruitless search, Pierce Shea heard the snap of a gun lock behind him and turning quickly beheld a man with a raised gun evidently intent upon firing at him. At the same instant a shot from a nearby hill grazed Rhiah Doran and hit the would-be assassin in the arm. Pierce immediately accused the man and demanded to know why he had attempted to shoot him. The man was sullen in his answers but admitted that he had been hired for the purpose. Before more could be determined Doran set up a shout that Crohoore was at the top of the hill and that it was he who had fired the shot which almost killed him. Doran took charge of the prisoner saying he would conduct him to a safe place where he could lock him up while Pierce and Andy went in pursuit of Crohoore. The trail led them to the Cave of Dunmore widely known as an abode of leprechauns, fairies, etc. No one dared enter this cave but Pierce tells Andy to wait and goes in to look for Crohoore. Crohoore, however, escapes from the cave in a mad dash past the entrance. Andy finds Pierce on the floor of the cave stunned. Upon returning to the village, Pierce Shea is anxious to question the prisoner but finds that he has escaped. On the walls of the room was written, "Crohoore of the billhook." More than ever they are convinced that Crohoore is the murderer.

On a night that Pierce was out alone in the search, an outrage was committed by the White Boyst. Pierce is arrested on the charge of being one of them. Andy Houlohan, upon hearing the news, rushes to Dublin, about 50 miles away, to seek the aid of Mr. Barry a high government official and a friend of Pierce Shea, who upon learning of Pierce's plight rushes to effect his rescue. Trials were swift

\*Good people—leprechauns, fairies, elves, etc.

†White Boys—An illegal organization started in 1760 in Ireland which raided the homes of Protestants and the Protestant clergy. They were not impartial to murder.



and for the crime of Whiteboyism, hanging was the sentence always, so there was great necessity for haste and Mr. Barry did his best in getting the papers necessary to obtain Pierce's release. After what seemed hours Andy and he were on their way to Kilkenny where Pierce was being tried. Halfway a wheel came loose from their carriage which necessitated a change. Time was flitting by.

The hour for Pierce Shea's execution on the gallows sounded from the town clock of Kilkenny. All was ready for the terrible procession from the prison-door to the gallows green where he was to suffer. The procession started, the sheriff with his white wand, attended by the jailor, then Pierce followed by a car holding his coffin and bringing up the rear, the executioner. Arrived at the place of execution, all was made in readiness. The priest was giving his last blessing when a piercing scream was heard and darting like lightning through the throng and guards and claspings Pierce in her arms was Alley Dooling. The guards firmly tore her away from her embrace and the order to spring the trap was about to be given when a shout was heard from the edge of the crowd. A carriage had drawn up and two men were pushing their way toward the gallows waving a legal looking paper. Mr. Barry and Andy had arrived in time. Alley, however, had again disappeared.

Crohoore was finally apprehended and charged with the terrible crime of having murdered Anthony Dooling, his wife and the maid and with abducting their daughter, Alley. At his trial when sentence was about to be pronounced he spied someone in the crowd and with a cry leaped at the person, causing quite a tumult. When order was restored, Crohoore still kept his hold on the person crying that this was the fiend who had committed the murders and removing a false beard and other disguise revealed the guilty face of Rhiab Doran. Mr. Barry who had been attending the trial took charge at this point and a special hearing was held.

Crohoore told that the night of the murder he had heard screams and upon investigating saw Doran and his gang of White Boys carrying Alley Dooling away. He followed them and

at an opportune time stole Alley away from them and took her to his aunt in the hills for safe keeping. The aunt and Alley appeared and corroborated his story. Mrs. Lovett whose home had been the scene of the outrage committed by the White Boys for which Pierce had been accused identified Doran as the leader of the band.

Crohoore was released. Pierce and Alley were united in matrimony and lived happily forever after.

#### LIST OF TITLES

1. The Landlord's Crime.
2. The Hearts of Steel
5. The Mysterious Murder; or, Crohoore of the Billhook. A story of Old Ireland, by Banlm.

#### NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph F. Cummings

First of all, here's something I hate to say, but there's over 50 members that are behind in their dues, some quite a ways back, and still I'm trying to be a real friend to them in sending them the Roundup every month, to give them a few leisure hours in some good real reading on the old timers, also to help in running items that will please every one but for some reason, or other, or maybe it's just a little forgetfulness, not intentionally forgotten, but, fellows you need and enjoy the Roundup, and to exchange letters and novels with various members, etc. I too enjoy the Roundup, and the many friends I have. I too must live, or try to, and try to think of others as much as possible, more so, if anything. I need your subscription dues, more than ever, especially now, so please fellows, send in your dues, **please**. If you have any thing you want to say to me, but don't dare to, you are welcome to write me on anything, and I'll try to do what I can—I've written many personal letters, and also that their dues are due, but no response. After December 1st, I will have to drop all those that are in arrears, Pard's, which I'm sorry to do, but I must. I can't help it. If you can't afford the Roundup, but still want it, I'll take something in trade for them, so please fellow members, send me your dues before Dec. 1st **PLEASE**.

Frank Henry, H. H. Bro. Member



No. 138, also has become the Great Sachem of Massachusetts, of the "Improved Order of Redmen." He has gone through all the chairs in his own tribe, the Quinsigamond Tribe No. 7 of Worcester, Mass. He is the right man for the right job, and we all know he has a year before him to show Redmanship what he can do, and he'll not let us down, we can all bank on that, and to think he is one of us, of the one and only Happy Hours Brotherhood, so we give him our very best wishes all around. Three cheers for our own Frank Henry. He was made great sachem at the Great Council Session, at Worcester, Saturday afternoon, Oct. 21, at the Hotel Sheraton. We all had a swell time at the banquet the night before. Tommy Funderburk came way up from Arlington, Va., to attend to it, also Harry St. Clair from Baton Rouge, La. A novel collector of about a year. This was known as the Great Council Friendship Banquet. We had over 300 there, some different than last year down in Boston, they only had about 80. The committee of this fine affair, that helped to put it over, were Paul Vicetto, Jim Econimus, Frank Henry, Frank Chandler, Joe Sosvielle, Clyde Hubby, Ed. Jacobsen, Tommy Funderburk, Henry Latour, George Dickie, and Clyde Wakefield. Some of these pards you know. Guess I acted as a silent member, although I helped wherever I could. Harry St. Clair enjoyed it all very much, had him to my place to see the novels, but he didn't have too much time. Edward LeBlanc of Fall River, came up, and we all went to the memorial services of the Redmen Saturday afternoon, where Frank was given his high post of honor, then I introduced him to Clyde Wakefield, then we left for Ed's home. We had a fine time down there, and Ed's brother Norman and his girl friend brought us back home again.

Ernest Freeman of 127 Fairfield St., Worcester 2, Mass. H. H. Bro. Member No. 202, expects to go back in the hospital soon, and get another operation on his ulcers.

Harry St. Clair will also enter the hospital for an operation on prostrate glands, so we all ought to send these two brother members a nice card to show we are still thinking of them. Harry expects to be at the Burbank

Hospital in New Jersey, but you can send anything to him, care of me, and when I get the address of the hospital, I'll send them. Ernest Freeman expects to be at the Memorial Hospital in Worcester.

List of all members will appear in the December number.

Custer's Last Stand took place June 25th, 1876.

F. Farwell Johnson, H. H. Bro. # 176, has been in the hospital, and has been very sick for 5 weeks, is somewhat better, but is still under the doctor's care. Pard, why not drop him a few lines of encouragement, huh?

Rosamond, or the Youthful Error. A Tale of Riverside, by Mary J. Holmes appeared in the Rural New Yorker (a farm paper) as a serial. It started July 2nd, 1859, Vol. 10, No. 27 and ended in No. 33, Aug. 13th.

Stanley Pachan sends his thanks to Harry A. Weill for the fine informative article in Aug. 1950, also to Willis E. Hurd for his mention in the July issue, and soon's he can, he will write you both a personal letter of thanks.

Wallace H. Waldrop says—I recently received a very fine letter from Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, Director of The Buffalo Bill Museum, out in Cody, Wyo. As you may know, she is the niece of Buffalo Bill, and from her letter, I take it that she surely did think lots of her "Uncle Will" as she puts it. She also thinks it a grand idea to try and get all the "Buffalo Bill Border Stories" back in print again. In fact, she says that such items are in great demand out at the museum. So we old timers, as red-blooded Americans, should get back of this idea and give the modern reader some literature that is well worth reading.

I would like to plead with all the fellows to please try and take better care of all the old novels and magazines. And for goodness sakes, I hope that we all will learn not to ever use Scotch Tape in patching novels, and the same goes for the heavy type of brown gummed paper. I have a number of the thin novels that are practically ruined due to the fact that someone used this heavy weight brown paper to bind the spine. This causes the lighter weight paper of the novel proper to break, and also prevents the novel from opening properly.



Edward LeBlanc of Fall River, Mass. is writing a series of fine articles on the rare old time novels, that are very rare and scarce, and that there are only one or two in existence, and Bill Burns has been doing his bit too, and many others.

Henry Steele says there is no doubt that the stories used to thrill the American boys of 1882 and those Old Boys who are alive today will never forget them. Henry has been reading an old school story in the coloured "Boys of the Empire." (Brett) of 1888-9, "The Tyrants of the School." In the Journals of Brett as a rule, there was usually a tale about school. "The Tyrants of the School," I may say, was a story quite out of the way, intermingled with school boy life, was a theme of political strife, "A Band of White Masks," "The Reformers," played an important part as performers. Now a feature most strange I guess, was to do with the style of dress, though the clothes seemed those of today. Yet the pictures they led you astray, for when the masks appeared on the stage, they wore dress of a bygone age. So what period does the tale belong? A question that has puzzled me long. The Victorian age seems the thing, yet mention is made of the king. So back we must go right away, to William the Fourth and his day. With regard to the "Reformers" again. The reform bill was passed in his reign, and here I must let the thing rest, the explanation I give is the best.

"The Tyrants of the School," appeared in "The Boys of the Empire," Vols. 1 and 2, the author was Harold Whyte. He also wrote "Sons of Foes," which appeared in the "Boys Comic Journal."

#### MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ

Taken from Moore's Rural New Yorker Vol. 7 No. 12. March 22nd, 1856.

It is with heart felt sadness that we record the decease of this highly gifted and accomplished American authoress. Her writings have been long and widely popular—esteemed for their purity of sentiment, and refinement of character, and as such eminently calculated to exert a salutary and lasting moral influence. But in

the midst of an active literary career, a life of usefulness and renown—she has been called from earth to another, better sphere—she died at Marianna, Florida, on the 12th of February, after five days of illness of pneumonia. In her departure, the family circle has lost a faithful guardian, and loving companion, and our country one of the brightest stars in its galaxy of female writers. The last work from Mrs. Hentz's pen "Ernest Linwood" was published the same day that the intelligence of her death was announced at the North. As her last literary effort we have perused it with melancholy pleasure. It is characterized with her usual truthfulness of delineation of human passions and the hearts conflict—goodness and morality ever predominating—and adorned with passages of genius and brilliancy.

The accompanying portrait (engraved from a likeness by her husband) and following biographical sketch, from Mrs. Hales "Womans Record," will be interesting to the numerous readers of the Rural New Yorker who appreciate Mrs. Hentz's writings:

Mrs. Hentz, whose maiden name was Caroline Lee Whiting, was a lineal descendant of the Rev. Samuel Whiting, the famous minister of Lynn, whose history is so closely identified with early colonial times. She was born in Lancaster, Mass., where some of her relatives now reside, and was the daughter of Gen. John Whiting, who served in the Revolutionary army, and who died at Washington 1810. She was also a sister of the late Gen. Henry Whiting, who was no less distinguished for his services in the army, than for his literary attainments.

In 1825, Miss Caroline Lee Whiting married Mr. N. M. Hentz, a French gentleman who afterwards accepted a professorship in the College at Chapel Hill. From thence they removed to Covington, Ky., and here Mrs. Hentz wrote her successful tragedy for a prize of five hundred dollars, entitled "De Lara, or the Moorish Bride." After residing some time at Covington, Mr. Hentz, with his family, removed to Cincinnati, where Mrs. Hentz became distinguished in literary life. Subsequently they established a flourishing female seminary at Florence, Ala., and for nearly ten years devoted their various and accomplished powers



to the education of young ladies. In 1843, they transferred their school to Tuscaloosa, Fla., and in 1848 made their residence in Columbus, Ga.

In addition to the tragedy of "De Lara," Mrs. Hentz occupied her leisure hours in contributing to various standard periodicals. For the last eight years Mrs. Hentz has devoted herself almost entirely to prose writings, and it is to these chiefly that she is indebted for that literary reputation which places her in a prominent rank of female writers. In 1846, she published "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," which was followed in 1848 by the "Mob Cap," "Linda" appeared in 1849. "Rena, or the Snow Bird," in 1851, "Marcus Warland, or the Long Mass Spring," and "Ealins, or Magnolia Vale," in 1852. "Miss Thusas Spinning Wheel" about the same period, "Wild Jack and Helen and Arthur," in 1853. In 1854 Mrs. Hentz published "The Planter's Northern Bride," in two volumes. A distinguished person, once writing about Mrs. Hentz, used the following language:

"Never met a more fascinating person—Mind is enthroned on her noble brow, and beams in the flashing glances of her radiant eyes. She is tall, graceful, and dignified, with that high bred manner which ever betakes gentle blood. She has infinite tact and talent in conversation, and never speaks without awakening interest. As I listened to her eloquent language, I felt she was indeed worthy of the wreath of immortality which fame has given in other days and other lands, to a De Geulis, or to a De Sevigne. "She has great enthusiasm described by Madame De Stael as 'God within us'—the love of the good, the holy, the beautiful. She has neither pretension, nor pedantry, and although admirably accomplished, and a perfect classic and belles-lettres scholar, she has all the sweet simplicity of an elegant woman. There is a refinement, delicacy, and poetic imagery in all her historietts touchingly delightful. A calm and holy religion is mirrored in every page. The sorrow stricken mourner finds therein the sweet and healing balm of consolation, and the bitter tears cease to flow when she points to that better land, where the loved and the lost were waiting for us. She exalts all that is good, noble

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and generous in the human heart, and a sunny softness, like the dreamy light gives to even the clouds of existence of a Claude Lorraine picture.

**FLASH!** We just heard that George Bernard Shaw is dead, also Charles E. Goodspeed, the Yankee Bookseller at Boston, Mass.

#### PARTIAL LIST OF MEMBERS FOR 1950 ETC.

13. Charles Westbrook, E. 1204 Illinois Ave., Spokane 1, Wash.
20. Robert Frye, 895 Morgan Ave., Schenectady 8, N. Y.
40. A. W. Edgerton, 116 W. 6th Ave., Houston 7, Texas.
78. Clarence D. Lamb, P. O. Box 424, Salina, Kansas.
105. Samuel Olnhausen, 824 Chester Ave., East Liverpool, Ohio.
107. Charles J. Duprez, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.
144. Richard E. Stolt, 1906 W. Belle Plaine Ave., Chicago 13, Ill. (new address)
155. Clarence Orser, 615 Washington Ave., Bemidji, Minn.
185. Thomas Funderbark, 14 Hollis St., Worcester 3, Mass.
192. Wallace H. Waldrop, Route #5, Box 289, Greenville, S. C.
203. Harry M. St. Clair, 643 St. Joseph St., Baton Rouge, La.

#### New Members

212. Wilber Duer, 612 N. 17th St., Kansas City 2, Kansas
213. Jack R. Scharr, 11572 So. Cypress St., Orange, Calif.

#### Change of Address

99. Edwin Sissung, 2213 Radio Ave., San Jose, Calif.
138. Frank E. Henry, 9 Kendall St., Worcester, Mass.
147. Dan Bundza, 87 New Bond St., Worcester, Mass.
155. Thomas Funderbark, 557—20th St., So., Arlington, Va.
189. William G. Lee, 3909 N. New England Ave., Chicago 34, Ill.
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- The Little Learner's Question Book on the International Topics for 1878. Pub. by Henry Hoyt. Hard cover 15c.
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- The Conquest of the Philippines, Extracts from the Speech of Hon. George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, April 12th, 1890. Parts 1 and 2, good. 15c each or both for 25c.
- Diamond War Library #19 For God and the Czar, 63 Spies in the Navy, Pub. in England, 1d. Price 35c each or both 60c.
- Youths Companion, Christmas Number, 1885, and Washington's Burthday No. 1906. Price 25c each.
- National Police Gazette, Vol. 1 No. 52. Very rare \$2.00 title Lives of the Felons. Monthly Auction Trade Thunderbolts. Sept. 1884. 25c.
- Motor Query Encyclopedia, over 160 illustrations, 1919. Fair 25c.
- Engelmans Autocraft 1918 good, price \$1.00, stained on back cover, both cloth bound, and on questions and answers on taking automobiles apart and putting together.
- Dime Novels, A Defense of the writer of them. Capt. Frederick Whittaker, nice 25c.
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- Bd. Vol. of the Elmira Gazette, illustrated monthly supplement for 1873-4. Lots of fine stuff in this book. Price \$2.00.
- Bd. Vol. of Grafton County Book of Biographies, in fine condition, illust. Grafton County, N. H., 1897. Full 11½x9½ inches, bound in gold color and leather. Worth \$5.00 to \$10.00 easily. My price \$1.25.
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